

# THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department.

Write your name, age and address on the left side of the page. The name and address will be printed at the bottom of the story. Do not use real names. Do not use real names. Do not use real names.

## WIDE-AWAKE POETRY.

Joseph M. Anderson, a Sacramento, Cal., writes to his dog, "Buddy," who is a friend who gives him the most of his life.

He's over faithful, kind and true; He never questions what I do— And whether I may go or stay— He's always ready to obey— 'Cause he's a dog.

Such tender fare his want supplies; A hand-cupped, kind from his eyes— There beams more love than mortal knows— Meanwhile he wags his tail to show That he's my dog.

He watches me all through the day; And nothing causes him away; And through the night-long slumber deep He guards the house, therein I sleep— And he's a dog.

I wonder, if I'd be content To follow where my master went, And where he leads me, I would— Would I run after in his dust— Like other dogs.

How strange it things were quite reversed— The man, the dog, the dog put first. I often wonder how 'twould be— Were he the master 'stead of me— And I the dog.

A world of deep devotion lies Behind the windows of his eyes; Yet love is only half his charm— He'd die to shield my life from harm— 'Tis he's a dog.

Men were fashioned out of men; But breed of dog would I have been; And would I ever deserve a treat— Or be excused for faithfulness— Like my dog here?

As mortals go, how few possess Courage, trust and faithfulness— Though from which to undertake Without some borrowed traits, to make A decent dog!

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

How many of the Wide-Awakes have a dog? Probably a large number of you have one, and find him a merry companion, and a good friend, just the same as other owners of dogs do who give them proper treatment and care. The dog is susceptible to kindness and training. He knows his friends and properly taught and treated he will respond in liberal measure.

Much is owed to the dog. Many are the instances where they have saved the lives of children in the water, rescued them in case of fire and protected them against grave dangers. The list of wonderful things that have been done by dogs is long and impressive. Within a few weeks you have all probably read about the ballistics who were lost in the wilds of Canada. It wasn't a dog that rescued them but it was the barking of a dog caught in a trap that told them that they were near to some habitation and caused them to descend. Otherwise they might have gone on and been lost. The dog saved to save their lives and they quickly responded to the opportunity of saving the dog.

It is a rare person that is not touched by the friendship of dogs. Throughout the great war they played a most valuable part and rendered remarkable service with faithfulness and marked intelligence. But in war or in peace, on watch or at play, the dog knows and cares for his friends and he shows it in an endless number of ways.

Few there are who do not like dogs even though they may be afraid of some of them. A ferryboat captain spent a half hour in New York harbor last week, delaying his schedule and holding up his many passengers to rescue a poor "burr" that was drifting away on an ice float. The dog may have his faults and many of them, but rightly treated he is man's friend.

## WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- William Sledziesky, of Eagleville—Secret of Coffin Island.
- Louise Avery of Norwich Town—The Booby Twins on Blueberry Island.
- Maggie G. of Norwich—Campfire Girls in the Mountains.
- Arvi Lybeck, of Moosup—The Boy Scouts' Champion Recruit.
- Catherine McVeigh, of Norwich—The Auto Boy's Quest.
- Fantine Eisenstein, of Colchester—Camp Fire Girls on the March.
- Eileen Busin, of Hampton—Camp Fire Girls at the Seashore.
- Violet Harris, of Jewett City—Camp Fire Girls at Long Lake.

Winners of prize books living in Norwich can obtain them by calling at The Bulletin business office after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

## LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

- Mrs. Winkler of Salem—I have received the prize book you sent me and am thanking you for it. I am also sending you another story.
- Mrs. Knap, of Wilburham—I want to thank you very much for the book you sent me. It is a very interesting story full of adventures and mysteries.
- A. Evelyn Brews, of Eagleville—I was sick when with the whooping cough when Little Prince's Doty Dimple came to me. I enjoyed it very much and I thank you for it.
- Ardelia Doyon, of Chicago—Received the prize book entitled Facing the German. I have read it through and have found the book very interesting. I thank you very much for it.
- Dorothy Liffbridge, of Volmouth—I thank you very much for my book. The Camp Fire Girls on the Farm, which I received Jan. 28, 1921.
- Mrs. Knap, of Norwich—I thank you very much for the prize book I received entitled The Campfire Girls in the Woods.

## LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

**The Rain.**  
Dear Uncle Jed: When we look out of the window on a rainy day we say to ourselves, "Oh, dear, it's raining again." We are a great deal to the rain. If we did not have rain things would not grow. We would have no flowers, no grass, no trees. There wouldn't be any ponds, or brooks and the wells would all dry up.

Wouldn't you rather have rain than go without?  
EVELYN M. RENSCHAW, Age 12, Jewett City.

## The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Dear Uncle Jed: In Portland, Maine, on February 21, 1807, was born one of America's greatest poets. His name was Henry W. Longfellow. He went to the Portland Academy and was a very diligent student. He was graduated in 1825 and then went to Bowdoin college until 1835. Longfellow was very fond of languages and was offered the chair of modern languages in the college he had attended. He went abroad and when he returned he married Mary Storer Potter. When Longfellow was young he had a great desire to write. When in college he produced a few poems which were published in the Literary Gazette, a paper to which the old poet Bryant also contributed. Much of Longfellow's earlier work was in prose but it was not until after his second marriage.

Longfellow went abroad with his wife in 1835 to prepare for a professorship of modern languages in Harvard college. He travelled in the Scandinavian peninsula and Holland where his wife was saddened by the death of his young wife. He returned and took up his professorship until 1854.

Shortly after his return he took up his residence at the Craigie House. He lived there until 1842 when he received the Craigie House for a wedding gift. It was at the Craigie House that Longfellow wrote his poems.

Some of Longfellow's most noted poems are: "Song of Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Courtship of Miles Standish," and "Paul Revere." Among some of the other poems are: "Skeleton in Armour," "Excelsior," "Building of the Ship," "Children's Hour," and "The Golden Legend," a story of his life.

In 1861 his wife was fatally burned. Longfellow was much grieved at his loss and wrote a poem about her called "Cross of Snow."

Longfellow died March 24, 1882 and was buried at Mt. Auburn by the River Charles, which he loved.

IDA LIFSCHITZ, Age 12, Uncasville.

## Fishing on the Ice.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day last week my brother went fishing on the ice. He set out 15 traps, baited with minnows. After waiting a few minutes he got a bite. My brother ran towards the trap, but just before he got there the fish pulled the trap through the ice. The ice was not very thick and he was able to see the trap through the water. He followed the trap until the fish got tired, then chopped a hole and pulled out a bass that weighed two pounds. Wasn't that a good day's fishing?

MINNIE LIFSCHUTZ, Age 10, Uncasville.

## My Christmas.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my Christmas. I had lots of toys, I got a big walking doll and she can walk very well, and I play with her all the time. She is the only pet I have. I still have a dog soon. I hope all the Wide-Awakes had a good Christmas.

EILEEN SNOW, Age 10, Norwich.

## My First Piece.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will never forget the time I was given a piece to learn. I only had to learn four lines, but it seemed very much to me. It was for a school entertainment. I learned my piece in two nights. After I had learned it I said it day after day and night and day. I even said it at dinner and supper. I said it out loud in school and got punished for it.

On Tuesday afternoon, which was the day of the entertainment, we went up to the school hall to say our pieces. When my turn came I walked up to the platform with a steady step. When I said my piece my voice quivered and I thought I was going to cry, but I didn't. I walked back to my seat amid a burst of applause. I did not know what they were clapping for, and I asked my teacher. I was so happy when she told me they were clapping for me.

VIOLET HARRIS, Age 12, Jewett City.

## My Fur Catch.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write to you about my good fur catch. I had this season. I started out with a dozen traps. I went up the brook to set traps for muskrats and set four traps. I used sweet apple for bait. Then I started over to climb the hill to look for a skunk den. I found one hole on the side of the hill and two by the stone wall. Then I started for home, because it was getting dark.

Next morning I started to go to my traps. The first trap was sprung and nothing in it. In the next one there was a great big muskrat. I shot it through the head with a little .22 rifle. I only had one muskrat.

Then I went over to my skunk trap and there was a big black skunk in it. I didn't shoot it. I shot it the same way as the muskrat. At the next trap there was a little small skunk. Then I went home and my father and mother were surprised at what a nice little catch I had out of five traps. I will write some more when I get a chance.

ARVI LYBECK, Age 12, Moosup.

## A Stormy Day.

Dear Uncle Jed: It was a dreary looking day in November. The clouds overhead from early morn until nearly noon rumbled their complaints against the sky. It seemed as if only the dark, disagreeable clouds were abroad to the poor old man plodding along the state road between J. and G. As he looked ahead he murmured to himself: "We'll see rain before nightfall. Please God, let me reach G. before it commences. I must be there tonight."

Hardly had he so spoken when with a crash the rain came down in torrents. The lone traveler managed to secure shelter underneath the roots of a large, untimely tree. From his point of vantage he gazed upon the works of the Lord with amazement mingled with fear. "What power the God above does possess," he thought, "Everything does reach G."

For a few minutes he sat huddled up in his place of refuge and watched the storm. As the storm finally departed and the sky began to clear, he saw one of the most beautiful sights he had ever seen. The sky became tinted with many hues—red, orange, pink, purple and yellow. The lake looked golden with the tall, dry grass waving in the gentle breeze. After remaining a little longer to revel in the beauties and glories of the Lord, the man started again upon his long journey with a prayer upon his lips.

DORIS JOHNSON, Age 13, Jewett City.

## Nelly's Red Flag.

Dear Uncle Jed: Nelly Barton lived with her father in a little cabin in the far west. One bleak, cloudy day Nelly was scrambling along the mountainside when she noticed what looked like a man lying on the railroad tracks. As she came nearer, she saw that a great tree had fallen over the rails. What should she do?

She could not lift it; there was no time to run to the signal tower, a mile away, for the train was due. Suddenly she remembered her red flag. Snatching it off, she ran up the track, waving it with all her might. Luckily,

the gleam of red caught the engineer's eye and he quickly put on the brakes and stopped the train.

ALICE PHALEN, Age 10, Taftville.

## An Odd Place for a Store.

Dear Uncle Jed: In August mother and father went to Washington, D. C. While there my mother went to the post-office to mail some packages. Now, where do you think it was? Was it a store and postoffice together in the basement of a school? Farmers bring eggs to the store to sell. At recess the people who run the store do a lot of business for the children come in to buy things to eat. Don't you think that is an odd place for a store? I do.

If I had gone to live with my aunt, as she wanted me to, I would have gone to that school.

ISABEL KENNEDY, Age 10, Norwich.

## The School Pageant.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last Friday afternoon I attended a pageant called The Light, given by the public schools and the Academy. It represented the advance in the learning of man, making up what the pageant opens with a boy representing any city studying the appropriate list. He has to do something out, and much as he dislikes to be found educating, the boy, representing education, comes in and tries to persuade him not to do this. She decides to plead her cause by showing him what education is. She carries a light which represents education, and she shows him 11 glimmers of this light.

Each glimmer was acted by children of different schools, showing Experience, Tradition, Invention, Training, Discipline, Democracy, The Boy, Force, Training in Democracy, A Warning and Education's Dream. Education finally wins her cause and because of this today we have fine modern schools.

CATHERINE McVEIGH, Age 12, Norwich.

## Sickness Caused by Working.

Dear Uncle Jed: Since last June I made up my mind to help my mother with the housework. My work was washing dishes, sweeping floors, etc., while my mother did all the cooking and baking. My work was very helpful to mother.

One day I felt very sick and had to stay in bed for three days. On the fourth day I was well enough to rise out of bed.

I hope all the Wide-Awake children help their mothers, at least as much as I help mine.

ANNIE ZUKOWSKY, Norwich Town.

## One Winter Morning.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once there lived a little girl named Lillian. One winter morning Lillian was going to school and when she was half way there she saw a little bird shivering on the ground. She picked it up and went home to bring it to her mother. Her mother took the bird and put him in a piece of cloth and then put him on a chair in back of the stove. Then Lillian went back to school only in the afternoon.

LEONA HARPIN, Age 11, Griswold.

## The Bag of Gold.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once there was a selfish old man. The old man had a bag of gold. One night he said, "Ah! This gold is mine. It is all mine and I shall keep it for myself." So he hid the bag of gold and went to bed. A robber was looking through the window. He saw the old man hide the bag of gold. He said, "When the old man awakes, I will get that gold." So the robber went into the house and he took the bag of gold and ran away. There was a hole in the bag, but the robber can't find it. He did not see the hole. One piece of gold fell out and soon all the gold laid by the roadside. In the morning a fairy came along and saw the gold. She said, "Oh, this is the old man's gold. I will not give it back to him. He is too selfish. He would hide it again and gold should make someone happy." So the fairy took the pieces of gold and hid them and they turned into yellow dandelions. The fairy said, "Dandelions will make the children happy and that is why children love dandelions."

DANIEL DRISCOLL, Age 9, Norwich.

## My Visit to Holyoke.

Dear Uncle Jed: As I am sitting down thinking of my visit to Holyoke last summer, I thought I would write and tell you about it.

I spent a month there with my aunt, and of course you can imagine. She took me to the pictures every Saturday. I also visited Mount Tom. It's a very nice place. I wish all little girls could visit it. I'm sure they would enjoy it so.

My aunt had only one little baby boy five years old. So that was my first love. Because I have a little brother of the same age and same name.

One day my aunt sent me to the store. What do you suppose I met on my way? My aunt had told me to come right home. But I could not help stopping when I saw two little boys coming. One seemed happy, and the other was crying. So I said, "What is the matter little boy?" He was crying because the other had five cents and said he had never had five cents.

So I took five cents from my aunt's change. He thanked me and ran off to the store.

When I reached my aunt's home she counted her change. And said, "Where is the five cents little boy?" I was so glad that I made that little boy happy I started to cry. But when she found out my story she kissed me and said, "You are a dear little girl, and I wish all little children were like you."

RHEA BLAIR, Age 11, Hampton.

## John Greenleaf Whittier.

Dear Uncle Jed: John Greenleaf Whittier was born in West Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. Greenleaf helped his father on the farm until he was eighteen. At seventeen he obtained his father's consent to go to the academy at Haverhill. The price of his tuition he paid himself. He did this the first term by making shoes, the second by teaching school. About this time his first poems were published in a local newspaper.

Whittier's first paper, The American Manufacturer, was published in Boston in 1829. Shortly after this he went to Hartford, Conn., where he published The New England Review. He was an enthusiastic anti-slavery man and wrote many poems in behalf of the slaves. Among his longest poems are Snow-Bound, The Bird of Paradise, Snow-Blossoms and Among the Hills.

Whittier was of Quaker patronage and always remained faithful to his creed. He was not very happy and during the latter part of his life he was unable to write more than one-half hour without resting. On account of his failing health he went back to the farm.

Later he moved to Amesbury where he died in 1892.

DIANA DOYON, Chicago.

## Untidy Little Mary.

Dear Uncle Jed: Mary was a very naughty and untidy little girl. She would

always throw her hat and coat on a chair instead of putting it in its place. Her mother was very kind and patient and tried to make Mary obey. But Mary never listened to her mother.

One day Mary was invited to a party by some of her friends. When it was time to go she forgot where she put her coat and hat.

She looked for her coat and hat until it was too late for the party. Then Mary was sorry she did not obey her mother. After that she always put her things in the right place.

HELEN MINSKY, Age 11, Jewett City.

## Maggie and Tom.

Dear Uncle Jed: One night as I was going to the store, I overheard two children talking. This is what they said: "Maggie," said Tom, taking her to a corner, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets. Guess?"

"Oh! I don't guess, Tom. Please be good and show me."

"Well, then, it's as new fish line—two new ones—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself."

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms around Tom's neck and hug him and hold her cheek against his without speaking.

Wasn't I a good brother, now, to bring you line? I wouldn't give halves in gin-bread on purpose to save the money; and you shall catch your own fish. Won't it be fun?"

ETHEL HOLLAND, Taftville.

## Riding My Horse to the Village.

Dear Uncle Jed: On January 24, 1918, three years ago I thought I would take a ride on a horse down to a small village. I took a horse and a small white and black saddle. I did not have any saddle, so I had to ride bareback. Then I backed the horse out of the barn and started off. The horse was all white and snow was white and slippery. When I was riding at a good speed and just going to turn around the corner my horse slipped. I thought that I had lost my leg but he didn't. I got off and looked her all over to see if she was hurt anywhere, but she wasn't, and I was lucky.

When I was standing by her thinking of way to go on, a little boy about seven came around the corner and asked why I didn't get on and ride? I told him that I couldn't get on her because she was too tall.

He helped him for some assistance, so he bent down and I got on his back and hopped on the horse, and the horse started off on a gallop. I just waved my hat and called out, "Thank you, thank you!"

I got to the town I saw a lot of friends. Each one of them asked me to give them a ride and I did give some of them a ride. I brought home only one white and a good time there, and it was four o'clock when I started for home.

When I was riding home I saw my friend that helped me get on the horse, and I threw him some nuts, candy and a quarter and I said, "Good deeds are ever bearing." When I got home I took the horse off my horse and tied her up and went whistling to the house.

LIAM SLEDZESKY, Age 15, Eagleville.

## Patriotism.

Dear Uncle Jed: Patriotism has a great meaning, especially in the time of war. To be a patriot one must be true to his country and do everything he can to help it.

Nathan Hale was one of our acted patriots during the Revolutionary war. He was born in South Coventry, Connecticut, in July, 1755. During the Revolutionary war he volunteered to get the British plans for Washington. Unfortunately he was captured and hanged as a spy. His last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." These words show how an American patriot felt and what an American patriot would do.

During these times we can do our best towards patriotism and helping our country by buying war savings stamps and Liberty Bonds. Every one can help by doing as much as he can.

IDA ITINAKOR, Age 15, Salem.

## Unselfishness.

Dear Uncle Jed: What does "unselfish" mean? There is a great difference between these two words. The first means to be unkind, and to care only for one's self. Now let us know what unselfishness means. It means to be kind to others for their own sake, to be generous, noble and brave. Wouldn't you like to be unselfish? Yes, I am sure you would.

I am sure you all want to be unselfish. I will tell you some ways you can be unselfish. And when you have finished reading them, just try them and see for yourselves how everyone will love you. Yes, I am sure you all love your parents, relatives and friends, so won't you try to be unselfish, too?

Now, why not try to be kind to every one and not make much trouble? Every one would love you, if you would only be like that! You can help your mother in the house, and then she will always think how good my daughter is! She never complains of the work she has to do, and then your mother wonders of there is another girl in all the world like her own.

When the boys help their father and mother, just think with how much pride he thinks of his boy, who is so good.

So I should always remember our friends when they are in trouble. It never does anyone harm to do a good deed. Now won't you all try to be useful and help others? Please do.

FANTINE EISENSTEIN, Age 12, Colchester.

## Tom and the Peppermints.

Dear Uncle Jed: There was once a boy named Tom. Every day Tom's mother gave him five cents. When he went to school he bought a little bag for five cents. When Tom opened the bag there was something in it that he didn't like. They were peppermints. So he threw them away. One day a little boy was coming to school he picked up the candy and brought it back to Tom. So Tom brought it to school. His teacher was having spelling he began to make faces. The teacher said, "Why are you making faces, Tom?" "I have some peppermints in my pocket and I don't like the smell of them." His teacher said throw your candy in the basket and go to the front of the room and make a few faces. So Tom did this. When he got out of school he found a little bag. When he opened it the same kind of candy was

## No More Misery After Eating

Just Takes An Eatonic

"The first dose of Eatonic did wonders for me. I take it at meals and am no longer bothered with indigestion," writes Mrs. Ellen Harris.

Thousands of people, like this dear lady, gratefully testify about Eatonic, which does its wonders by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases which bring on indigestion, heartburn, bloating, belching and food repeating. Acid stomach also causes about seventy other non-organic ailments. Protect yourself. A big box of Eatonic costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Lee & Osgood, 121 Main St.

in it. So he threw it away. That night his aunt came over and bought him some peppermints. So he threw them all away except one which he ate. When he ate it he found out that they were good. So every day he wanted to buy peppermints, but they didn't have any.

BRUNO PIDACE, Age 10, Norwich.

## Joey's End.

Dear Uncle Jed: Joey was the name of a friendly emm brought over to England. While on board ship, the sailors let him out of his cage when they were washing the decks. Joey liked having the boats turned on him. Arrived in England, the boat was sent into the country. He was put into the field where he tried to drum up with the cows. They fled in alarm. Joey chased them. The emm used to go for walks with the children of the family. He also followed the gardener about and would sit down close by, and watch him dig. Sad to relate, poor friendly Joey came to an untimely end. He put his head out of his cage one day, and a fierce bull dog snapped it off.

ARMAND DOYON, Age 9, Glasgow.

## The Old Fashioned House.

Dear Uncle Jed: It was an old fashioned house. A house with its many gables as houses had in the olden times. Upon seeing it for the first time, I had a great desire to enter it, but with the house was a mystery which kept people from entering it. The mystery was that at night a light could be seen fitting around from room to room, and people said it was the ghost of the dead owner.

Another story was that every night a relative of the dead man was missing and that fact people associated with the other, saying that he went to communicate with the ghost. So with this mystery hanging over it no one dared enter the house until one day a party of venturesome boys decided to enter it that night.

Night came and they were hiding near it. When the light appeared they softly crept into the house and following the light suddenly came upon it in a small room at the back of the house. There they saw a man sitting at a table. The man was on his knees, digging under the boards. The boys caught him and asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was searching for it, but treasure which the dead owner had failed about during his last moments. So with this fact ended the mystery of the old fashioned house.

MARCIA C. STANTON, Age 12, Norwich.

## My Trip to Worcester.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day last May my mother and I took the train that leave the city about 5.30 for Worcester. I enjoyed every minute of the trip.

We got there about noon and got a nice lunch. Then we went to the Worcester library, where three of my cousins are employed. One of them was about ready to go home for dinner and we went with her. They took us to see many different things like the big stores and buildings of the city. The next day (Thursday) we spent with cousins in Auburn, and the next day I went to visit another aunt and uncle, where my older brother is living. We went to see the old school buildings which are situated on a

high hill. The following day we went to Hancock tower, where we had a magnificent view of the whole city. From there we went to Blue creek, which was very beautiful with all the flowers in bloom, including a beautiful bed of tulips, one all a deep red, the other a bright pink. Saturday morning we went through the big city market and saw many other nice places. I had a wonderful time and my brother came home with us for a short vacation.

LOUISE AVERY, Age 11, Norwich Town.

## BOLTON.

Dolton grange, No. 47, met Friday evening and installed officers for the coming year as follows: Master, Miss Adella N. Loomis; orator, Maxwell Hutchinson; lecturer, Julia Olive Hutchinson; chaplain, Charles N. Loomis; secretary, Miss Annie M. Alvord; steward, Mrs. H. K. Jones; assistant steward, Frederick D. Finley; Ceres, Miss Ella Sumner; Pomona, Miss Anna Muscolo; Flora, Miss Eleanor Hutchinson; gatekeeper, John Hutchinson; lady assistant steward, Mrs. George